Written for THE EVENING STAR.

Author of "Ladv Andley's Secret." "Like and Unlike,"

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"Ishmael," "The Day Will Come," &c.

CHAPTER XII. PLORESTAN'S MISSICN. LORESTAN lunched with Mr. and

Mrs. Arden on the day after their meeting at the opera. It was the lady who gave him the invitation. He had always been a favorite of hers since the time when he sold the meadow. and earlier, when he had just left Eton for the superior independence of the university; and in this busy Paris, crowded with strange faces. she had been pleased to meet with a familiar face, a face associated with the cloudless years of her first marriage. Everything was dear to her that brought back the memory of that

Was she happy with her second husband? No, she was not; unless gratitude and a placid submission to the decree of fate mean happi-

She had drifted into this second marriage upon the strong tide of Ambrose Arden's passionate love-a love which had gathered force with each long year of waiting, and which had become a power that no ordinary woman could resist. Such a passion, so exceptional in its patient endurance, its intense concentration. will compel love, or at least the surrender of liberty, and the submission to woman's destiny, which is, for the most part, to belong to some one stronger than herself.

She had submitted to this mastery, and she was grateful for that devoted affection which knew no wavering, which had lost none of its romantic intensity with the waning of the honeymoon. No woman could be heedless of such a love as this, from such a man as Ambrose Arden, and his wife was deeply touched by his idolatry and gave him back all that a woman can give whose heart is cold as marble. Tenderness, deference, companionship she could give, and she gave them, but the love she had lavished on Robert Hatrell was a fire that had burnt out. It was not in Ambrose Arden's power to rekindle the flame.

Never since the first year of her widowhood had her thoughts recurred so incessantly to the pagt as they had done since her second marriage. In her life with her daughter, they two as sole companions, something of her girlish gayety had returned to her. She had become almost a girl again in adapting herself to a girl companion. In her anxiety to keep the burden of sorrow off those youthful shoulders she had shaken off the shadow of her own sad memories, and had given herself up to girlhood's since her marriage-since her chief companion had been Ambrose Arden and not Daisy-a deep cloud of melancholy had come down upon her mind. The image of her first husband had become a ghost that walked beside her path and stood beside her bed, and the memory of her happiest years had become a haunting memory that came between her and every charm and every interest that her present life could offer.

Thus it was that she had been eager to see more of Florestan, and had asked him to luncheon at their hotel.

This time they were at the Bristol, and it was in a saloon on the second floor, looking out ful love affair?" upon the Place Vendome, that they received Gilbert Florestan.

Daisy beamed upon him in a white straw hat trimmed with spring flowers and a neat little gray checked gown, made by one of those epicene tailors who give their minds to the embellishment of the female figure. She had a bunch of lilies of the valley pinned upon her breast, a bunch which Cyril had just bought for her in the Rue Castiglione. They had been running about Paris all the morning. Cyril protesting that the great city was a vulgar, glaring, dusty hole, yet very delighted to attend his sweetheart in her explorations and to show her everything that was worth looking at.

"I hope I have satiated her with churches." he said; "we have driven all over Paris, and have gone up and down so many steps that I feel as if I had been working on the treadmill. We wound up with a scamper in Père la

"It was a scamper," exclaimed Daisy. "He would hardly let me look at any of the monuments. They are all mixed up in my mind, a chaos of bronze and marole, classic temples and Egyptian obelisks-Balzac, Rachel, the Russian princess who was burned to death at a ball, Desclee, Thiers, Abelard and Heloise. I could spend a long day roaming about in that place of names and memories, and Cyril took me through the alleys almost at a run.

"Why should a girl want to prowl about a cemetery, unless she is a ghoul, and is mapping out the place in order to go back there in the night and dig?" Cyril protested with a disgusted air. "I would rather have to stand and wait while you looked at all the shops in the The luncheon was a very lively meal, for

both Cyril and Florestan were full of talk and vivacity, and Daisy taiked as much as they let her, leaving Ambrose Arden and his wife free to look on and listen. They had spent their morning together among the second-hand book shops on the Quai Voltaire, where the scholar had found two or three treasures in sixteenth century literature, and where the scholar's wife had hunted for herself among volumes of a lighter and more modern character, and had selected some small additions to the carefully chosen library at River Lawn, a collection which had been growing ever since Robert Hatrell's death had made her in some way dependent upon books for companionship. After lunch Florestan suggested a pilgrimage to St. Denis and offered to act as cicerone, an offer which Daisy accepted eagerly, so a roomy carriage was ordered and Mrs. Arden, her

daughter and the two young men set out for the resting place of royalties, leaving Ambrose free to go back to the book shops.
"It isn't a bad day for a drive," said Cyril, as the landau bowled along the broad level road

outside the city, "but I am sorry that we are pandering to Miss Hatreli's ghoulish tastes by bunting after more graves." There was more discussion that evening as

to how long the river lawn party should re-main in Paris. They had arrived from Italy two days before, and while they were in Venice Mrs. Arden had seemed anxious to return to England and had confessed herself homesick. In Paris she seemed disposed for delay.
"I can't quite understand you, Clara," said

her husband; "all your yearning for home seems to have left you." "I am as anxious as ever to go home, but there is something I want to do in Paris."

"What is that?" "Oh, it is a very small matter. I would rather not talk about it." Ambrose looked at her wonderingly. This

was the first time since their marriage that she had refused to tell him anything. He did not press the point, however. The matter in question might be some feminine frivolity. some business with dressmakers or milliners which it was no part of a husband's business to

Later on in the evening his wife asked a question apropos to nothing.
"Does Mr. Florestan know Paris particularly

Cyril answered her.
"He tells me that he knows Paris by heart and all her works and ways. He has lived here a good deal off and on; and now he has estab-lished his pied a terre in the Champs Elyses, and means to winter here and summer at Foun-minhead. You will have him for a neighbor,

that he can afford to make a jest of the possi-bilities which might alarm other men. Daisy Erst blushed and then laughed at the sugges-

"Poor Mr. Florestan!" she sighed, father or mother, sister or brother! Nobody to be happy or unhappy about! What an empty life his must be." "Oh, the fellow is lucky enough. He has a

pretty old place and a good income. He is roung and clever—and—well—yes—I suppose he is handsome." Daisy offered no opinion.
"Decidedly handsome," said Ambrose Arden, looking up from the chess board at which he and his wife were seated.
Clara had never touched a card since the

nightly rubber came to an end with her first husband's tragical death; but she played chess nearly every evening with her second husband, who was a fine player, and intensely enjoyed the game. His wife played just well enough to make the game interesting, and then there was for him an unfailing delight in her interest and the second husband. The River Lawn party left Paris two days after Clara's interview with Gilbert Florestan, he seeing them off at the station, an attention, him an unfailing delight in her interest and the second husband. The River Lawn party left Paris two days after Clara's interview with Gilbert Florestan, he seeing them off at the station, an attention, an approximately support the second husband. The River Lawn party left Paris two days after Clara's interview with Gilbert Florestan, he seeing them off at the station, an attention which to Cyril Arden seemed somewhat the game. His wife played just well enough to make the game interesting, and then there was for him an unfailing delight in having her for his antagonist; the delight of watching her thoughtful face, with the varying expression as she deliberated upon her play; the delight of touching her hand now and then as it moved among the pieces; the delight of hearing her must have been some link between the murders and that sight? among the pieces; the delight of hearing her low sweet voice. This life could give him no greater joy than her companionship. It had been the end and aim of his existence for long used to lure my husband to his death. There must have been some link between the murder and that girl."

"Ah, I remember. There was a woman's name mentioned."

and patient years.

Mrs. Arden sent Florestan a telegram next morning asking him to call upon her as early speak of a grisette with whom he had once as he could before luncheon. Her husband was been in love." going to spend his morning at the sale of a famous library and she would be free to carry out an idea which she had entertained since her meeting with Florestan at the opera.

Mr. Arden had not been gone more than a quarter of an hour before Florestan was anounced. Cyril and Daisy were sight-seeing and Mrs. Arden was alone in the salon.



SEARCHING FOR A CLUE. She was sitting near one of the windows, with her traveling desk on a table before her. She thanked Florestan for his prompt atten-

tion to her request and motioned him to a seat on the other side of the writing table. "I am going to ask you to do me a great favor. Mr. Florestan," she said very seriously, "although our friendship has been so inter-rupted and so casual that I have hardly any laim upon you."
All that was ardent and frank and generous

in the man who affected cynicism was awkened by this deprecating appeal, and perhaps still more by the pathetic expression of the hazel eyes and the faint tremulousness of the "You have the strongest claim," he answered

eagerly. "There is nothing I would not do to show myself worthy to be considered your friend. If we have not seen very much of each other we have at least been acquainted for a long time. I remember your daughter when she was almost a baby. I remember-" He checked himself, as he was approaching a theme that might pain her.
"You remember my husband," she said, in-

terpreting his embarrassment. "It is of him I want to talk to you. I think you are good and true, Mr. Florestan, and I am going to trust you with the secrets of the dead. I am going to show you some old letters-letters written to my dear dead husband-which I would not show to anybody in this world if I did not hope small pleasures and frivolous interests. But that some good, some satisfaction to me and to my daughter, might come out of the light these letters can give.

"My dear Mrs. Arden, you do not surely hope that after all these years the murderer will be found through any clue that the past can af-

"I don't know what I hope, but I want to find a woman who loved my husband very tenderly and truly before ever I saw his face. a friendless girl in this city, a girl who had to work for her living, but her letters are the outcome of a refined nature, and I feel a strange and melancholy interest in her. My heart yearns toward the woman who loved my husband in his youth and who might have been his wife but for difference of caste "Did your husband tell you about this youth-

"He alluded to it laughingly once or twice during our happy married life; but I knew nothing more than that he had once been in love with a French grisette, until the week before my second marriage. I had a curious fancy before that great change in my life to go back upon the past." There was a grave regretfulness in her tone at this point which was a reve-lation to Florestan. "And I occupied myself for a whole night, when every one else in the house had gone to bed, in looking over my husband's papers. I had been through them more than once before, and had classified and arranged them as well as I could; but I suppose I was not very business-like in my way of doing this, for among some commonplace letters from old college friends I found a little packet of letters in a woman's hand, which I had over-

looked before." She opened her desk as she spoke and took a small packet of letters tied with a piece of red tape. There had been no sentimental indulgence in the way of satin ribbon for the milliner's poor little letters. The tape was faded and old, and it was the same piece which Robert Hatrell's own hand had tied around them. "Please read one or two of those letters and

tell me if they speak to your heart as they spoke to mine," she said, as she put the packet into Florestan's hand. He untied the tape, counted tha letters, seven in all, and then began to read the letter

of earliest date.

"Rue Chauve Souris, Faubourg St. Antoine,

"It was like a day spent in heaven while we were together yesterday. I felt as if it was years and years since I had seen green fields and a river. Oh, the beautiful river, and the island where we dined. I did not think there was anything so lovely within an hour's jour-ney from Paris. Ah, how good it was of you to give a poor, hard-working girl so much pleasure! I have been in Paris more than a year, and no one ever showed me a glimpse of green fields until yesterday. My brother was too busy with his inventions, and there was no one else. I wonder at your goodness, that you should take so much trouble for a poor girl, and that you should not be ashamed to be seen with any one so shabby and insignificant."

Three other letters followed, telling the same story of a Sunday in the environs of Paris, of woods and the river and the rapture of being with him. Gradually the pen had grown bolder and it was of love the girl wrote to her lover-a humble, confiding, romantic, girlish love, which took no thought for the morrow, asked no questions, suffered from no agonies of doubt. She wrote as if her happiness were to know no change—as if those Sunday excursions to pleasant places were to go on forever. She told him how she had gone to mass before she met him at the railway station or the steamboat pier, and how she had prayed for him at

The later letters had a more serious tone and breathed the fear that her dream must come to an end.

"It has been like a dream to know you and be loved by you," she wrote; "but is the dream to end in darkness and the long duli life that would be left for me if you were to go away and forget me? I suppose it must be so. have been too happy to remember that such happiness could not last. You will go back to your own country and fall in love with a young English lady and forget that you ever spent happy days on the Seine laughing and talking with your poor Toinette. You will forget the arbor on the island where we dined in the twilight, while music and singing went past us in the boats, while we sat hidden behind vine leaves and heard everything without being seen. Oh, how sweet it was! I shall never see any more stars like those that shone down upon us as we came from Marly one night sitting side by side on a bench on the roof of the train. I shall never see the river in Paris without thinking that it is the same river on which our boat has drifted, oh, so lazily, while we have talked and forgotten everything except our own faces and our own voices. All that was beautiful in the river and the land-

scape seemed not outside us, but a part of our-selves and of our love."

There was more in the same tsrain; but later the key changed to saddest minor.

"I know you cannot marry me; indeed. I never thought or hoped to be your wife. I only wanted our love to go on as long as it could. I wanted it to go on forever, asking no more than to see you now and then, once a week, once in a month even. than to see you now and then, once a week, once in a month even—ah, even once in a year! I could live all through a long dull year in the hope of seeing you for one blessed hour on New Year day. Is that too much to ask? You cannot guess how little would content me—anything except to lose you forever. The day that you say to me, Good-bye, Toinette, we shall never meet again, will be the day of my death. You are the; better part of my life. I cannot live without you. I think of you in ling to pieces. I am amazed when I see people

cannot live without you. I think of you in every hour of the day. I think of you with every stitch my needle makes in the long hours in which I sit at work. The sprig of willow you niked when we were in the hoat last Sun the course about the outward form is of not in which I sit at work. The sprig of willow you picked when we were in the boat last Sun-day is like a living thing to me—as precious as if it had a soul and could sympathize with me in my love and my sorrow.

"Do those sad little letters touch you as they

Florestan read on till the last word in the last

was Antoinette. He had heard my husband "Do you think the girl was concerned in the murder?" ',The girl who wrote those letters? No, as-

, There are women whose slighted love turns to remorseless hate," said Florestan.
"Not such a woman as the writer of those letters. She is so humble, so unselfish; she accepts her fate in advance. No, I am sure she

was a good woman. I want to find her if I can, to help her if she is poor and friendless. I want to find her for her own sake; but still more for mine. She may be able to give the clue to the murderer. Her name was used as a lure, and very few people can have known that Robert ever cared for that girl. The man who made that vile use of her name must have known of that old love affair. He may have been the brother of whom she writes, "My dear Mrs. Arden, would it not be wiser

-in your circumstances, with new ties-a husband who worships you, a daughter who adores you-would it not be wiser to draw a curtain over that one dreadful scene in your life-that one terrible shock which you suffered nearly eight years ago?" "I cannot! I cannot forget the man I loved

with all my heart and strength," exclaimed Clara, passionately. "Do you think because I am married again that he is forgotten? Do you think that I have forgotten his life, which was so bright and happy, so full of gladness for himself and others, or his miserable death? No, I have not forgotten! I have married a good man whom I honor and esteem. I am as happy as the most devoted love can make me, but I do not forget. Ever since I found me, but I do not forget. Ever since I found those letters I have been brooding over the possibility of the murderer being discovered by that woman's agency."

"Do you think that if her brother was the

murderer she would betray him?" "I think she would no more have forgiven his murderer than I have—even if he is her "But she would hardly put a rope round his

"Perhaps not, Only find her for me, if you can, Mr. Florestan, and I shall be deeply grateful. You who know Paris so well, and who are living here, may have opportunities."
"If she is to be found I will find her. But these letters were written more than twelve years ago, and the cleverest police agent in Paris might fail in tracing her after such an interval. Remember, we do not even know her surname. The letters have only one signature -Toinette.

"There is the address of the house in which she lived. "That is the only clue. We must begin upon that."

"You are very good. You can understand, perhaps, why I appeal to you instead of to my husband. In the first place he is a dreamer and thinker rather than a man of action. He knows very little of Parisian life, and he would not know how to set to work. And in the second place it might wound him to know that my mind has been dwelling upon the past."
"I understand perfectly. I conclude that you have told him nothing about these letters?"

"Not a word."

"There is one circumstance connected with your husband's death which has always mystified me," said Florestan, after a thoughtful pause. "How came the murderer, a foreigner and altogether un connected with your husband's life at Lamford, to be so well informed about his plans—to know that on such a day and at such an hour he would be on his way to Lincoln's inn with a large sum of money upon his person? The man's plans had evidently been made some days in advance—the lodging was taken with one deadly intent. The woman who acted as an accomplice must have been taught her part in advance; the flight to the Riviera with the money must have been deliberately thought out, for there was not an hour lost in the disposal of the notes. A little hesitation, a few hours' delay, and the police would have been able to track the plunder. Everything was arranged and carried out with a diabolical precision which argues foreknowledge."

"I have puzzled over the same question till my brain has reeled," answered Clara. "Some one must have given the information—one of our servants—a lawyer's clerk, perhaps. I dismissed every servant we had at that time as soon as I recovered from my illness. I would not have anybody about me who might even unconsciously have helped to bring about my husband's death. All our servants knew what was going to happen. We talked of the pur-chase very often, and at dinner on the evening before Robert went to London we discussed his visit to the bank and to the lawyers, and his appointment to lunch with Col. MacDonald at the club."

"It is just possible that the murderer was in your house that evening, and that he got every detail from one of your maid servants. Women are such fools, and women of that class will believe everything that a smooth tongue tells them. It was the year after the war, a time when London swarmed with exiled communists. It was possible that this girl's brother was among them, that he harbored an old grudge against her lover—that he took pains to find out all he could about your husband's circumstances, and, hearing of the purchase money which was to be carried from the bank to the lawyer's office, conceived the desperate idea of a murder and robbery in broad daylight, in a house full of people. I take it that the police would make some investigations in your house-hold, although the murder occurred in Lon-

don? "I know very little of what happened at that time. I was too ill to be told anything that time. I was too ill to be told anything that was being done, and after I recovered I had too great a horror of the past. I dared not speak about my husband's death. Years have brought calmness. I can think of it now, and reason about it, though I shall never understand why God cut short that happy life in so cruel a manner. I shall never understand the wisdom of my heavy chastisement."

Florestan was silent, pitying her with all his heart, both for the husband she had lost and for the husband to whom she had given herself in a loveless union. He had seen enough of Ambrose Arden and his wife to divine that there was profound affection on the husband's side, and on his wife's only the pensive submission of a woman who has given away her life in self-abnegation, pitying the passion

which she cannot reciprocate.

Daisy and her betrothed came into the room at this moment, she laden with bunches of white inlac and Marechal Niel roses as tribute to her mother. It seemed to Florestan as if spring itself had come dancing into the room incarnate in that graceful figure in a cream-colored frock and sailor hat, shining upon him out of those sunny hazel eyes, giving warmth and brightness to the atmosphere.

She shook hands with Florestan in the friendliest way-too friendly to be flattering to a mar who was accustomed to exercise a somewhat disturbing influence upon the other sex. But a girl who is engaged to be married has sometimes no eyes for any man except her lover. Florestan had experienced that sort of thing, and he had experienced the other kind of thing from girls who are ever on the alert for fresh conquests and who are only stimulated to audacity by the knowledge that they have secured one man for their bond slave.

Daisy had no hidden thoughts; she was just as simple and unaffected, just as unconscious of her own charms as she had been four years ago when she was still a child, with all a child's thoughts and pleasures. How different she was from the type of woman he had once compared with Dante's Beatrice, with Petrarch's Laura—the splendid and grandiose among women, the queen of beauty in the world's tournament. That magnificent type had lost its fascination for him now.

He stayed to luncheon, half reluctantly, yet unable to resist his inclination to linger. Ambrose Arden came in from his book sale flushed with triumph. He had gratified desires of long standing by the purchase of certain first editions of French classics—Villon, Ronsard, Clement Marot. His son made light of the father's craze for books with a certain imprint. "What does it matter who printed a book, or

the smallest account to me.' "You are young, Cyril," his father answered

gently. "Youth has the kernel of the nut; age must be content with the husk. Old men have to invent pleasures and passions. There is so much that they have left behind them for-

touched me?" asked Clara.

"That is a very reasonable explanation of mean much or little. There is no knowing how much reality there is in all this sentiment—woman are astresses from their gradie. They

superfluous. Superfluous also the posy of Mare-chal Niel roses which Florestan handed into the railway carriage after the ladies had taken

their seats.
"You will have your own roses tomorrow," he said to Mrs. Arden, "and if they are not quite so fine as these I dare say you will like them better because they are home grown. I shall think of you all at River Lawn, and of "Yes, Colonel MacDonald heard the name. It my empty house close by."
"as Antoinette. He had heard my husband" "Why don't you come and fill it?" asked Clara.

"I mean to do so before long. I shall give up vagrant diplomacy and settle down as a small Berkshire squire. I begin to feel that I am not of the stuff which makes ambassadors and that a roving life is all very well until a man approaches his thirtieth birthday, but begins to pall afterward. My Paris is as familiar as an old song-I know all her tricks and her manners.



He shook hands with mother and daughter. said good-bye, yet lingered and said good-bye again when stern officials ordered him off. He itered at the carriage door till the very last moment.

He sighed as he walked away from the terminus, and he was full of thought through all the dreary length of the Rue de Lafayette. "Happy fellow to be beginning life with such a girl as that for his companion," he mused, thinking of Cyril. "She is so gentle, yet so bold, so fresh and frank and gay and elever-a child in ignorance of all base things; a woman in power to understand and appreciate all that is great and noble. If ever I care again for womankind my love will be just such girl as that. I wonder if there are many such and where they are to be found.' He wondered too, though he scarcely shaped

the thought, whether, if the world were rich in girls as innocent and as bright, and endowed with all the qualities that made Margaret Hatrel charming, he should be attracted to any other specimen of the kind as he had been at-tracted to her. He wondered whether it might not be the individual and not the type which had fascinated him. He pondered these questions as if in a purely

speculative mood, but was careful not to answer them. They were doubts which floated through his mind like cloudlets in a summer sky. And in his mind there floated also the mage of a girl's face, fresh and fair, with no taint or tarnish of the world, no artificial embellishment of paint or powder, pencil or brush, upon its pure young beauty. The image haunted him long after the train had carried Clara Arden and her daughter to Calais, long after they had settled down quietly at River Lawn. He did not forget the commission which

Mrs. Arden had entrusted to him. He went to

the Rue Chauve Souris on the morning after

that prolonged leave taking at the station and found the house which, if there had been no alteration in the numbering of the street within the last twelve years, must once have sheltered the girl who loved Robert Hatrel. It was a narrow house, with a shoemaker's shop on the ground floor, kept by one of those small traders who do more in the way of re-pairing old boots and shoes than of selling new ones. There was a side door, which was open, nd a narrow passage, leading to a where there was just enough light to reveal the dirt and shabbiness of the walls and the indi-

cations of poverty upon every landing.

Florestan went to the top of the house without meeting anybody, but he heard the voices of children upon the first floor, a domestic quarrel upon the second, with voices raised to their highest pitch in accents of recrimination, and on the top story a woman was singing a monotonous sentimental melody, in apparent unconsciousness of the strife below. It was evident there were separate households upon

each stor?. The sing-song voice of the woman in the garret was so suggestive of a peaceful menage that Florestan took courage to knock at her door, which was opened by the singer, a faded woman with a gentle, long-suffering cast of countenance, a washed-out cotton gown, and a shoulders. A baby in a cradle in the corner near the hearth accounted for the monotonous chant which Florestan had heard outside.

He apologized for his intrusion, and told her he was in search of a woman who had lived in that house twelve years before. Would she direct him to the oldest inhabitant of the

"You won't have far to go to find her," answered the woman. "There's only one lodger who has been in this house over two or three years, and I fancy that one must have lived here ever since the taking of the Bastille. Nobody knows how old she is, but it wouldn't surprise me to be told she was a hundred. If she has sense enough or memory enough to answer your questions she ought to be able to tell you anything you want to know about former odgers."
"Who is this person?"

"Mile. de Lafont, a pensioner of a noble family in Touraine. She is a distant relation of the Marquis de Lafont, who allows her a tiny pension. Her grandfather and grand-mother were guillotined in '93 and her father was left a helpless lad in Paris. She will tell you her story. She loves to talk of her youth and its dangers. And though she has a very poor memory for events that happened yester-day she remembers the smallest things con-nected with her childhood."

"If that is the condition of her mind she

may have forgotten a lodger of a dozen years ago," suggested Gilbert.
"I can't answer for that. I can only tell yo that she must have been in this house with your lodger. If you want to talk to her I can take you down to her room. She is very poor, but her room is always clean and neat. She has just strength enough left to attend to that, and when her sweeping and dusting are done she sits all day by the window rolling her thumbs and talking to her canary bird."

"Poor old soul! I feel interested in her from your description, and shall be very much obliged if you will introduce me to her." [To be Continued.]

GLIMPSES AT FASHIONS FANCIES. Small Talk About the Prevailing Styles for Early Spring.

THERE IS A SPECIAL DEMAND for brocaded effects or brocaded ginghams. THE GENERAL TENDENCY OF SPRING GOODS is to greater elegance of material and more simplicity in the cut of gown.

FUE SHOULDER CAPES WILL BE WORN al through the spring with wool dresses that are not provided with wool jackets to match, and also with black net and India silk gowns. FEATHERS TAKE THE LEAD on evening dresses and are dyed in all colors to match cos-

ALL COTTONS are preferred in dull finish. SOME OF THE DAINTIEST BROCADE GINGHAMS are crossed by a plaid of lines in satin effect, or are striped with satin lines.

BOTH RIBBON AND BRAID WILL BE USED for

trimming, though the use of lace will be the distinguishing feature of the season. There will be lace in flounces and furbelows from dainty neck to tiny shoe top on almost every-AMONG THE PRETTY NOVELTIES that are now

flower ruches, which make such a pretty finish FOR EARLY Spring small "millinery" muffs of velvet with toque and pelerine to match will take the place of fur in dressy visiting cos-

An Oddity is Achieved in evening wear by arranging a puffy structure of lace, using the merely rudimentary sleeve on each shoulder. THERE IS A MOVEMENT against the long and uncomfortable waist. "MAIGLOCKCHEN" IS THE UGLY NAME Of a

new perfume made from the lily of the valley and is popular abroad. NEW TAILOR DRESSES are plainly draped. counted in flat pleats at the back, the front breadth slightly festooned in the upper part and the bodice buttoned, a wide plastron on one side to soften the rigidity.

black cloth, outlined with dead gold braiding,

Written for THE EVENTES STAR. METHODS OF BEAUTY. How a Smooth Skin Can be Secured and Preserved.

> THE DIET OF PRETTY ACTRESSES—BREAD AND MILE INSIDE AND OUT-WINE AND VIOLET BATHS SUDORIPIO BRAUTI IN A BATH BOOM-SOME GOOD ADVICE.

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Fyou want to know how stage beau-ties keep themselves handsome there are very few words to the process. They understand the art of being good to themselves. In the first place they are very clean; that is, the pretty ones are. You won't see a really charming woman in any class who isn't given to personal cares more than the rest. I went into a women's meeting in the basement of a city church the other day out of curiosity, and if the truth has to be told on the Testament none of them would ever be martyred for their beauty, and not one looked as if she knew the virtue of hot water and soap for herself. The only right pretty one was flirting with the minister's andsome son, who was usher in the infant lass room outside, by the big heater. To nandsome son, who was usher in the infant in a majority of instances the young wife is match those mission women for homeliness you could only think of the girls in a theater chorus. The extremes of female ugliness are found in the two collections of women. smart young man here says he thinks that the homeliest women in America are banded together under the name of King's Daughters, but I don't pronounce on the opinion because I never knew a King's Daughter by name. I heard of one last night, a maid of all work, who scrubbed the front steps and made the swept and cleaned, worked the machine and carried coal up three flights for \$2.50 a week, every cent of which she saved to give an aunt with a drunken husband, while she hoarded scrap iron, rags, paper and old shoes to sell to get a few pence for herself. She never could have paid a dollar fee or bought a badge in the world, but she was gentleness, faithfulness and unselfishness personified, without any organization to make her so. I'm going to get up carly some morning and go read to sell to be. He is perfect, of course; but then I believe him to be altogether an exception."

"Surely your hushand has not been guilty of the crime of giving his own sex away?"

"Not intentionally; but certain remarks of his made from time to time have enlightened STAGE BEAUTIES.

peculiar melting plumpness, like Kitty Blanchard, Nelly Stevens, Lillian Russell and Georgia Cayvan? You will see them in the restaurants after the play supping quite demurely, or meet them full face on the "ladies' mile" between 23d street and the Metropolitan opera house, where their complexions show charmingly, as young society buds' do not always. The linen woman at our hotel, who used to be on the stage took up the parable as follows: "Stage beauties as a rule have a peculiar training. Few of them have enough to eat when they are chil-dren, and they have to work hard till they gain success, and then work hard to keep it. A girl who has never known what it was to have too much to eat, and who has run errands after rouge saucers for actresses or sewing silk and buttons for a dressmaker till she is in her teens, gets a thin skin which don't show blemishes easily, and when she has a little easier life and takes to the study and fixes up a little it seems like paradise to her, comparingly. When the girls begin to try to flesh up a little most of them take to bread and milk. with a little of 'the least as ever is' in it, and they are always taking physic if anything is the matter, they are so afraid of being laid aside. The English girls always take Beecham's,' but Americans stand by castor oil. If they have a cold on the chest and their insides are out of order with the horrid board they have to put up with there's nothing brings 'em right like a dose of oil, any time of day or night. It carries the cold off in two or thre hours and leaves their heads as clear as a bell. FOR COMPLEXION

But how do the sirens of the stage attain that

every one of them has some device or other private of her own. One takes the skin off of suet and binds it on her face, another wears don't object to men's being a trifle wicked." there's nothing like bread and milk poultice used regularly. More stage beauties owe their complexions to this than you will ever get 'em to own. Take the crumb of baker's bread and steep it in milk and warm it just as you put it on, with linen cloth over, and you've no how fair it leaves the face. It seems to plump the face, take out the lines and whiten it just as you whiten a chicken by boiling it in milk and water. Sulphur and milk or molasses clear the face beautifully and keeps the flesh down too. It's nonsense about the paint and powder worn three or four hours on the stage spoiling the face if it is cared for other ways. If you go to bed and sleep with it on, of course it don't do any good, but actresses as a rule now know how to take care of themselves better than they used to, better than any other class of women, really. They wash the face and neck off well in hot water before making up, and while the skin is warm rub it with cocoa butter or the grease sold for the purpose, which is almost the same, and powder over that, paint and add the lines with a whole palette of crayons that come for the purpose, with a big book of plates for making up the face in character. Then before you leave the theater this is all washed off. the face well veiled-you'll see the stage ladies very particular about their veils-and before they go to bed the face ought to get anothe: wash in hot water. That leaves it fair enough and the stage paint don't amount to more than the cold cream ladies sleep in over night." ARTS OF BEAUTY.

Young ladies studying for the stage are de voted students of the arts of beauty, for talent is not always accompanied by attraction. The Delsarte movements and the Dowd gymnastics cal good. It is the easiest and so commends itself to the pupil who feels no interest in the exercises and shirks work as far as possible. By a singularly illogical process these school gymnastics are supplemented in some families by the eccentric movements detailed by a female lecturer under the so-called advice of mention the "pivot" exercises, in which the muscles below the waist are twisted and squirmed about in a way to set the beholders in torture by sympathy, a practice said to obviate all weaknesses of the hips, but which would bring them on in most cases. Such violent and unnatural methods bring on more displacements and distortions than all the house and garden work of which women are

BATH AND REST. After the exercises comes the bath, which improves in luxury and efficacy year by year. A few favored beauties in California know the tonic effect of wine baths, which are administered with some economy by taking a warm water bath first and when the pores are open entering a wooden tub containing a cask of red wine, which does duty over and over the containing a cask of red wine, which does duty over and over the containing a cask of red wine, which does duty over and over the containing a cask of red wine, which does duty over and over the containing a cask of red wine, which does duty over and over the containing a cask of red wine. There is one thing to the call, and within a few months or even weeks she announces to her more or less surprised parents on the call, and within a few months or even weeks she announces to her more or less surprised parents that she has accepted an offer of marriage and is engaged. And finally, without having had any actual experience or knowledge of the man, she marries him. There is one thing to call, and within a few months or even weeks she announces to her more or less surprised parents that she has accepted an offer of marriage and is engaged. And finally, without having had any actual experience or knowledge of the man, she marries him. There is one thing to call, and within a few months or even weeks she announces to her more or less surprised parents. again. Or bath towels are soaked in wine and laid on the person after a warm dip, and certainly the wine bath is very refreshing and refining to the skin. Fifteen minutes is the proper time for the application either way. It also whitens and softens the hands to soak them in a basin of red wine.

When a sedative bath is desired the violet

baths are delightful, though a private bath is to be preferred to a public one by a person of the least refinement. People ought to be a great deal more fastidious about baths and conveniences for washing than they are. A woman of spurious refinement will make a furious fus some dirty water happens to fall into her bath tub, while she contentedly permits her family and guests to bathe in a dark rough-ened zinc tub which never shows whether it is clean or not and which can hardly be cleaned thoroughly, as particles of mucous secretions and minute particles of ulceration are held by the roughness of the metal.

THE PROPER KIND OF A TUB. Only a brightly polished tin tub or a porce lain one can ever be said to be clean. The En-

glishman is safe in carrying his own bath tub. much as he is caricatured for it. The acme of bathing is a porcelain-tiled room with white ware enamel tub, where the aroma of violet esbeing brought out for evening wear are the sence floats on the vapor of a warm bath. Every sense yields to the subtle relaxation, the sweat flows softly, the very hair takes a silkier and more pliant texture, the delicate perfume soothes the nerves and steals into the brain like an opiate. Beds of flowers are not to be compared to it, and if one can step from the drying sheet to a warm, airy chamber and lie down in warm linen and light blankets for an hour she has had a rest which goes far to the creating of beauty. The skin has lost its upper layer of dust and waste particles, softened by steam and washed away by the sopy bath, the blood flows through every delicate branch, depositing new elastic tissue, the skin glows transparent, pearly with the vapor it has absorbed. The eye is dark and liquid with the blood fed to the optic nerve, the muscles, warmed and nourished, are supple, the stomach at rest, its frequent inflammation allayed for the time. A rest and some light food should follow, a cup of coffee or glass of sherbet, when, if ever, a woman will be at her best mentally and physically.

KNOW THE MAN YOU MARRY. Unfortunately, You Are Likely to Find it Rather Difficult.

SOMEHOW IT IN VERY HARD FOR A GIRL TO PIND OUT ANTTHING ABOUT A MAR UNTIL SHE IS MARRIED TO HIM-SHE HAS TO TAKE A HUS-BAND ON CREDIT-BACHELOR FRIENDS.

OU may talk about the difficulties that lie in the way of a man's know-ing a girl before be marries her," said a young matron of the fashionable set a day or two ago to a representative of THE STAR, "but pray consider the other side of the question, which seems to me very much more striking. How much does a girl know-indeed, how much can she knowabout the man she marries until after the wedding? Why, nothing at all, or almost nothing. And it is to that very fact that I attribute the failure of most unsuccessful marriages. The young woman simply doesn't pecome acquainted with her husband until after the knot has been tied. Is it astonishing, under such circumstances, that she should frequently be disappointed in him afterward?" "I will venture to say," she continued, "that

the man she has chosen. How can it be other-wise? Often the idol must be altogether shat-tered; but if this is not the case, happily, the idea she has formed of him usually has to be reconstructed more or less. Perhaps he may be satisfactory in his new aspect and perhaps not. At all events he is not at all likely to appear the same man he did WHILE SHE WAS ENGAGED TO HIM.

During that period he was on his very best fire, tended the furnace and ran errands and behavior, and you know what that signifies with a young bachelor. I have learned a good deal about such things from what my own husband has told me—it is astonishing how precious green I used to be. He is perfect, of course;

carly some morning and go round to get a look at that girl while she scrubs the steps. Balzac or Victor Hugo or De Maupassant would find a or Victor Hugo or De Maupassant would find a look by the steps. Balzac or Victor Hugo or De Maupassant would find a look by the steps. Balzac or Victor Hugo or De Maupassant would find a look by the steps of a charwoman. time. He is like a cat, which is gentle and sleek, snoozing peacefully by the hearth during the day, but at night fights and caterwauis on the back fences. So it is with the agreeable young bachelor. He, too, is as sleek and gentle and purring as possible on all occasions when he is in the society of ladies. One meets him at parties and finds him always well-bred and delightful. He comes to call and makes himself charming. One encounters him on

the street and he is as PLEASING AND WELL-MANNERED AS EVER. He is the sort of man whom the mammas look upon, may be, with a favoring eye, and he is seen everywhere, always the personification of everything that is comme il faut. Very likely he looks as innocent as a baby; no one would imagine from his appearance that he ever did anything wrong. And yet how more than probable it is that he is wicked as wicked can be. It is ten to one that he has all sorts of vices. You will find him in his club pursuing a select few of them-drinking, smoking, playing poker or seven-up for money and telling naughty stories. Oh, I know something about these things now myself. And those bad practices I have mentioned are presumably only the beginning. What does he do outside of his club? Goodness only knows. Certainly he is not always behaving himself in a manner that he would like to have reported in detail to the young ladies whom he calls upon and dances with. In their society he is one person. in the company of other men he is altogether another. The man the girl who is engaged to him knows as her fiance is not the real man at all, but a creature entirely artificial. In the lower walks of life this is not nearly so much the case; but in the fashionable world every one wears a mask." "But women, I have always understood,

WOMEN ARE CHARITABLE. "There is some truth in that, I admit, Women have grown accustomed to the notion that young men must sow a few wild oats and they are also aware of the fact that it isn't quite a healthy symptom for a youth to be too good. Their idea of what men's indiscretions consist in are exceedingly vague, but they are apt to think that such indiscretions, whatever they are, must be awfully jolly, and even to say that if they had been born to pantaloons in-stead of petticoats they would be wicked too. So, as a rule, they don't blame the men. I don't myself so very much. The trouble is that a man may have vices of serious permanence without its being known to the girl who proposes to marry him. However, what I have meant all along is that a young woman under such circumstances does not obtain any knowl-edge of the character in a general way of the man she accepts until he has been made her husband. As for a moderate degree of wildness, anti-matrimonial women are usually in-different to that. They rather like to feel that they are helping a man out of what he has been before into something better, nor are they dis-posed to be jealous of the past, unlike men."

BROTHERS' ADVICE USELESS. "Girls' brothers will generally tell them if they don't think this or that man desirable matrimonially."

"Yes; but what does that amount to? A girl. if she likes a man, is not going to listen very readily to anything her brother has to say against him. A brother, though he may not be very devoted to his sister, always thinks that no man is good enough to marry her. If he says anything against the fellow she fancies it is rather apt than not to help things along. As for the father, he is not in the least likely to bring out the muscles better than the Ling or Swedish system. As usual the schools which are enthusiastic over theories of gymnastics adopt the system which does the least practiclub, and has no sources for information of the kind, unless some one should come to him and Snooks is a mauvais sujet. But such a thing as that, for obvious reasons, is rarely done. Even if it did occur the daughter would have a fair female lecturer under the so-called advice of show of reason for declaring it pure malice a German physician. It is only necessary to and she would at once begin to regard the objectionable youth as a martyr and a victim to persecution, which is the last thing to be desired. No—you can't very well keep young gentlemen of objectionable morals and char-acter out of your house altogether, and if the young ladies of the family happen to take a liking to them getting rid of them is almost an impossibility. Thus you see that the girl

MUST ALMOST INEVITABLY MARRY without being really acquainted to any extent with her husband beforehand. The usual course of events is that she meets him at a party, he is granted permission to call, and be said that is in the girl's favor—namely, that whatever may be said to the contrary, women whatever may be said to the contrary, women are much better judges of men than men are of women; they are not nearly so apt to be gulled and taken in. There never was a man, I do believe, who could not be made a fool of by wo-"And after marriage?"

"And after marriage"

"All that it occurs to me to say as to that part of the business is that I don't wonder women are indisposed to encourage their hugbands' bachelor acquaintance. For really the bachelor friends of a married man rarely come to see him unless with a view to dragging him off and keeping him as long as possible away from home. If they could, I am sure that they would lead him back into his old bachelor ways. Therefore I am disposed to look askance upon these premarital intimacies."

Written for THE EVENING STAR. In Kebruary.
"An atmosphere without a breath."—SHELLEY. In February. murky dawn-pale Hope, and Sorrow wed. The mist, a spectral bridge, from clift to clift— O'er-links the night-wrapt vale. Through each

span's rift

Half weird and strange; like ancient tapestries. Whereon is faintly traced an old-world scene. Dark sentinels the trees, stand lone and lean: In sharp relief upon the dusky leas. So hushed, they seem in tranced dreams forlorn. But now is heard, a wee bird carolling-Blithe song from far, in drowsy pulses borne. The heart enkindling with the kindling morn; A quick'ning joy-vague presage of the spring. Feb. 18, 1890. —R. J. McElhinner

Dull changeless shapes; appearing, fancy fed,

In a properly written rondeau,
The lines in smooth numbers must fleau,
If one single phrase
An error betrase
Twill into the waste basket geau. A cold is a good deal like a horse car. A man can always catch one when he doesn't want it.—Yonkers Statesman. Marriage a Failure,—"I see your friend, Miss Edmunds, has been getting married; did she do

COLEY, Auctioneer.

THOMAS DOWLING, Auctioneer.

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folio 439.

Terms of sale; One-third cash and the balance in

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